

1491. B. 16.

# LLANGOLLEN VALE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS:

BY

## ANNA SEWARD.

SECOND EDITION.



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## SONNET.

DEVA, when next my vagrant steps explore  
The haunts romantic, where thy silver streams,  
On which the garish Sun but seldom gleams,  
Fill with their wild and fancy-foothing roar,  
LLANGOLLEN's verdant straights, and mountains hoar,  
How shall I dwell enraptur'd on the themes,  
That now th' immortal MUSE of Britain deems  
Worthy her sacred scroll, unmark'd before !  
The Steeds whose fetlocks swam in blood, the host  
Of GLENDOUR, claiming Valour's brightest meed,  
HOEL's love-breathing harp, and lays divine,  
And the fair WANDERERS from Ierne's coast,  
Who, to fond Friendship's gentle power decreed,  
Rear in thy hallow'd Vale the simple shrine.

H. F. CARY.

CANNOCK, December, 1795.

SONNET.

Day, when the sun探索  
To parts remote, a poet writes  
On high the earth's boundless scenes  
Fit with wild and boundless noise  
Transcending, vast, and human voice  
How far I can combine  
To the mind's pleasure! What  
Would poor man's heart be if  
He could not find a quiet  
Home, and have a quiet  
Mind? What pleasure  
Would a poor man have  
Who longed, longed, longed  
To quiet, quiet, quiet  
Mind?



II. E. 27.2

## LLANGOLLEN VALE,

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER,

AND

MISS PONSONBY.

LUXURIANT Vale, thy Country's early boast,

What time great GLENDOUR gave thy scenes to Fame;

Taught the proud numbers of the English Host,

How vain their vaunted force, when Freedom's flame

Fir'd him to brave the Myriads he abhor'd,

Wing'd his unerring shaft, and edg'd his victor sword.

Here first those orbs unclosing drank the light,

Cambria's bright stars, the meteors of her Foes;

What dread and dubious omens\* mark'd the night,

That lour'd, ere yet his natal morn arose!

The Steeds paternal, on their cavern'd floor,

Foaming, and horror-struck, "fret fetlock-deep in gore."

\* *Omens.* According to the records of Lewis Owen, the year 1349 was distinguished by the first appearance of the PESTILENCE in Wales, and by the birth of OWEN GLENDOUR. Hollingshead relates the marvellous tale of his Father's

PLAUE, in her livid hand, o'er all the Isle,  
 Shook her dark flag, impure with fetid stains ;  
 While " DEATH\*, on his pale Horse," with baleful smile,  
 Smote with its blasting hoof the frightened plains.  
 Soon thro' the grafts-grown streets, in silence led,  
 Slow moves the midnight Cart, heapt with the naked Dead.

Yet in the festal dawn of Richard's † reign,  
 Thy gallant GLENDOUR's sunny prime arose ;  
 Virtuous, tho' gay, in that Circean fane,  
 Bright Science twin'd her circlet round his brows ;  
 Nor cou'd the youthful, rash, luxurious King  
 Disolve the Hero's worth on his Icarian wing.

Sudden it drops on its meridian flight !—  
 Ah ! hapless Richard ! never didst thou aim  
 To crush primeval Britons with thy might,  
 And their brave Glendour's tears embalm thy name.  
 Back from thy victor-Rival's vaunting Throng,  
 Sorrowing, and stern, he sinks LLANGOLLEN's shades among.

Horses, being found that night in their stables, standing up to the middle in blood. The Bard, IOLO GOCH, mentions a Comet, which marked the great deeds of Glendour, when he was in the meridian of his glory. See Mr. PENNANT'S TOUR.

\* Isaiah.

+ Richard the Second.



Soon, in imperious Henry's\* dazzling eyes,  
 The guardian bounds of just Dominion melt ;  
 His scarce-hop'd crown imperfect bliss supplies,  
 Till Cambria's vassalage be deeply felt.  
 Now up her craggy steeps, in long array,  
 Swarm his exulting Bands, impatient for the fray.

Lo ! thro' the gloomy night, with angry blaze,  
 Trails the fierce Comet, and alarms the Stars ;  
 Each waning Orb withdraws its glancing rays,  
 Save the red Planet, that delights in wars.  
 Then, with broad eyes upturn'd, and starting hair,  
 Gaze the astonish'd Crowd upon its vengeful glare.

Gleams the wan Morn, and thro' LLANGOLLEN's Vale  
 Sees the proud Armies streaming o'er her meads.  
 Her frightened Echos warning sounds assail,  
 Loud, in the rattling cars, the neighing steeds ;  
 The doubling drums, the trumpet's piercing breath,  
 And all the ensigns dread of havoc, wounds, and death.

\* Henry the Fourth.

High on a hill as shrinking CAMBRIA stood,  
 And watch'd the onset of th' unequal fray,  
 She saw her Deva, stain'd with warrior-blood,  
 Lave the pale rocks, and wind its fateful way  
 Thro' meads, and glens, and wild woods, echoing far  
 The din of clashing arms, and furious shout of war.

From rock to rock, with loud acclaim, she sprung,  
 While from her CHIEF the routed Legions fled ;  
 Saw Deva roll their slaughter'd heaps among,  
 The check'd waves eddying round the ghastly dead ;  
 Saw, in that hour, her own LLANGOLLEN claim  
 Thermopylæ's bright wreath, and aye-enduring fame.

Thus, consecrate to GLORY---Then arose  
 A milder lustre in its blooming maze ;  
 Thro' the green glens, where lucid Deva flows,  
 Rapt Cambria listens with enthusiast gaze,  
 While more enchanting sounds her ear assail,  
 Than thrill'd on Sorga's bank, the Love-devoted Vale.\*

\* *Vaucluse*, the celebrated Valley near Avignon, in which Petrarch composed his beautiful Sonnets to Laura.

'Mid the gay towers on steep Din's\* Branna's cone,  
Her HOEL's breast the fair MIFANWY fires.—

O ! Harp of Cambria, never hast thou known  
Notes more mellifluous floating o'er the wires,  
Than when thy Bard this brighter Laura sung,  
And with his ill-starr'd love LLANGOLLEN's echos rung.

Tho' Genius, Love, and Truth inspire the strains,  
Thro' Hoel's veins, tho' blood illustrious flows,  
Hard as th' Eglwyseg rocks† her heart remains,  
Her smile a sun-beam playing on their snows ;  
And nought avails the Poet's warbled claim,  
But, by his well-sung woes, to purchase deathless fame.

\* In 1390, Castel Dinas-Brân, now a bare ruin, was inhabited by the lovely Lady MIFANWY VCHAN, of the House of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by the Bard HOEL. See MR. PENNANT's TOUR, adorned by a pleasing translation, in English verse, of one of Hoel's Poems in her praise, and complaining of her coldness. The ruins of Castel Dinas-Brân, are on a conoid mountain of laborious access. It rises in the midst of Llangollen Valley.

† *Eglwyseg rocks.* *Rocks of the Eagles.* They are opposite Castel Dinas-Brân. The Rev. Mr. Roberts of Dinbren asserts, that the word *Eglwyseg*, has that interpretation. Mr. PENNANT derives it from the name of a Gentleman, to whose memory the neighbouring column was erected; though, in another part of his Tour, he mentions Leland's testimony, that a pair of Eagles built annually in the Eglwyseg rocks, and that a person was let down in a basket to take the young, with another basket over his head, to protect him from the fury of the parent-birds. This tradition favors Mr. Roberts' etymology. That Gentleman has lately added largely to his paternal house, situated on a noble mountain in Llangollen Valley. The

Thus consecrate to Love, in ages flown,—

Long ages fled Din's-Branna's ruins show,

Bleak as they stand upon their steepy cone,

The crown and contrast of the VALE below,

That, screen'd by mural rocks, with pride displays

Beauty's romantic pomp in every sylvan maze.

(

Now with a Vestal lustre glows the VALE,

Thine, sacred FRIENDSHIP, permanent as pure;

In vain the stern Authorities assail,

In vain Persuasion spreads her silken lure,

High-born, and high-endow'd, the peerless Twain\*,

Pant for coy Nature's charms 'mid silent dale, and plain.

house stands near its craggy summit, and looks as if it had been scooped out of the rocks. A very narrow Valley, containing two sloping copses, and a few bright little fields, with a woody lane winding between them, divides Mr. Roberts' mountain from the opposite elevation of Castel Dinas-Brân. The south-east front of the house looks immediately into this narrow Valley; the barren, and very singular Eglwyseg rocks on the left, and Castel Dinas-Brân in front. Between the base of the latter, and the sloping foot of his own mountain, Mr. R. has the bird's-eye prospect of Llangollen Town, and a part of the Vale.—The Author of this Poem, is indebted to the friendly hospitality of MR. and MRS. ROBERTS, for an opportunity (during a fortnight's residence with them last Summer) of contemplating the beauties of their own scene, and of the celebrated VALLEY of LLANGOLLEN.

\* *Peerless Twain.* RIGHT HONORABLE LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, and MISS PONSONBY, now seventeen years resident in Llangollen Vale, and whose Guest the Author had the honor to be during several delightful days of the late Summer.

Thro' ELEANORA, and her ZARA's mind,  
 Early tho' genius, taste, and fancy flow'd,  
 Tho' all the graceful Arts their powers combin'd,  
 And her last polish brilliant Life bestow'd,  
 The lavish Promiser, in Youth's soft morn, [scorn.  
 Pride, Pomp, and Love, her friends, the sweet Enthusiasts

Then rose the Fairy Palace of the Vale,  
 Then bloom'd around it the Arcadian bowers;  
 Screen'd from the storms of Winter, cold and pale,  
 Screen'd from the fervors of the sultry hours,  
 Circling the lawny crescent, soon they rose,  
 To letter'd ease devote, and Friendship's blest repose.

Smiling they rose beneath the plastic hand  
 Of Energy, and Taste;—nor only they,  
 Obedient Science hears the mild command,  
 Brings every gift that speeds the tardy day,  
 Whate'er the pencil sheds in vivid hues,  
 Th' historic tome reveals, or sings the raptur'd Muse.

How sweet to enter, at the twilight grey,  
 The dear, minute Lyceum\* of the Dome,  
 When, thro' the colour'd crystal, glares the ray,  
 Sanguine and solemn 'mid the gathering gloom,  
 While glow-worm lamps diffuse a pale, green light,  
 Such as in mossy lanes illume the starless night.

Then the coy Scene, by deep'ning veils o'erdrawn,  
 In shadowy elegance seems lovelier still;  
 Tall shrubs, that skirt the semi-lunar lawn,  
 Dark woods, that curtain the opposing hill;  
 While o'er their brows the bare cliff faintly gleams,  
 And, from its paly edge, the evening-diamond† streams.

\* *Lyceum*,—the *Library*, fitted up in the Gothic taste, the painted windows of that form. In the elliptic arch of the door, there is a prismatic lantern of variously tinted glass, containing two large lamps with their reflectors. The light they shed resembles that of a Volcano, gloomily glaring. Opposite, on the chimney-piece, a couple of small lamps, in marble reservoirs, assist the prismatic lantern to supply the place of candles, by a light more consonant to the style of the apartment, the pictures it contains of absent Friends, and to its aërial music.

† Evening-Star.

What strains Æolian thrill the dusk expanse,  
 As rising gales with gentle murmurs play,  
 Wake the loud chords, or every sense entrance,  
 While in subsiding winds they sink away!  
 Like distant choirs, "when pealing organs blow,"  
 And melting voices blend, majestically flow.

" \*But, ah ! what hand can touch the strings so fine,  
 " Who up the lofty diapason roll  
 " Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
 " Then let them down again into the soul !"  
 The prouder sex as soon, with virtue calm, [palm.  
 Might win from this bright Pair pure Friendship's spotless

What boasts Tradition, what th' historic Theme,  
 Stands it in all their chronicles confess  
 Where the soul's glory shines with clearer beam,  
 Than in our sea-zon'd bulwark of the West,  
 When, in this Cambrian Valley, Virtue shows  
 Where, in her own soft sex, its steadiest lustre glows ?

\* These lines with inverted commas, are from Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

Say ivied **VALLE CRUCIS\***, time decay'd,

Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering floods,

Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,

Your grey hills towering o'er your night of woods,

Deep in the Vale's recesses as you stand,

And, desolately great, the rising sigh command,

Say, lonely, ruin'd Pile, when former years

Saw your pale Train at midnight altars bow ;

Saw **SUPERSTITION** frown upon the tears

That mourn'd the rash irrevocable vow,

Wore one young lip gay **ELEANORA**'s smile ?

Did **ZARA**'s look serene one tedious hour beguile ?

For your sad Sons, nor Science wak'd her powers ;

Nor e'er did Art her lively spells display ;

But the grim **IDOL**† vainly lash'd the hours

That dragg'd the mute, and melancholy day ;

Dropt her dark cowl on each devoted head,

That o'er the breathing Corse a pall eternal spread.

\* The picturesque Ruins of *Valle Crucis* Abbey, one of the most striking objects in this Valley. They are particularly described by Mr. PENNANT, and there are engravings of them in his Tour.

† Superstition.

This gentle Pair no glooms of thought infest,  
 Nor Bigotry, nor Envy's fullen gleam  
 Shed withering influence on the effort blest,  
 Which most shou'd win the other's dear esteem,  
 By added knowledge, by endowment high,  
 By Charity's warm boon, and Pity's soothing sigh.

Then how shou'd Summer-day or Winter-night,  
 Seem long to them who thus can wing their hours !  
 O ! ne'er may Pain, or Sorrow's cruel blight,  
 Breathe the dark mildew thro' these lovely bowers,  
 But lengthen'd Life subside in soft decay,  
 Illum'd by rising Hope, and Faith's pervading ray.  
 May one kind ice-bolt, from the mortal stores,  
 Arrest each vital current as it flows,  
 That no sad course of desolated hours  
 Here vainly nurse the unsubsiding woes !  
 While all who honor Virtue, gently mourn  
 LLANGOLLEN'S VANISH'D PAIR, and wreath their sacred urn.

VERSES  
ON  
WREXHAM,  
AND THE  
INHABITANTS OF ITS ENVIRONS.

PROUD of her ancient Race, Britannia shows  
Where, in her Wales, another Eden glows,  
And all her Sons, to Truth, and Honor dear,  
Prove they deserve the Paradise they share.

Thrice happy Wrexham, 'mid thy neighbouring groves  
Stray, with 'twin'd arms, the Virtues, and the Loves,  
There FLETCHER\*, from her own Gwernheyled, beams,  
Fair as its meads, and liberal as its streams ;  
The Sister APPERLYS†, in Youth's soft morn,  
With rising charms the festal scenes adorn ;  
And friendly PRICE ‡, as happy, free, and gay,  
As when, in Life and Beauty's rosy May,

\* Mrs. Fletcher of *Gwernheyled*—*Gwernheyled*, means *Sunny Alders*.

† The two Miss Apperlys.

‡ Mrs. Parry Price, late of that neighbourhood.

She shone, the Hebe of her green retreat,  
 With half the youth of Cambria at her feet.  
 See CUNLIFFE's\* eyes diffuse the gladdening ray,  
 And shed around her Pleasure's golden day ;  
 Meridian loveliness, majestic grace,  
 Stream o'er her form, and lighten in her face ;  
 While Sense and Virtue's blended influence dart  
 The look, the voice, resistless to the heart.

Nor only, WREXHAM, do thy circling groves  
 Boast the fair Virtues, and the radiant Loves,  
 There HAYMAN's† song, with its enchanting powers,  
 Floats thro' thy vales, thy mansions, and thy bowers ;  
 Her hallow'd temple there Religion shows,  
 That erst with beauteous majesty arose  
 In ancient days, when Gothic Art display'd  
 Her fanes, in airy elegance array'd,  
 Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,  
 Corinthian splendor, and Ionic grace ;  
 Then plied, with curious skill, now rarely shown,  
 Th' adorning chisel, o'er the yielding stone.

\* The Lady of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Baronet.

† Watkin Hayman, Esq.

But as those Graces which alone delight  
 With their fine forms the captivated *sight*,  
 Must not aspire to emulate the Art  
 That, while it charms the eye, pervades the *heart*,  
 See Gothic Elegance the palm resigns,  
 When Art in *intellectual* greatness shines.  
 Bright as in \*Albion's long distinguish'd fanes,  
 Within these holy Walls, she lives, she reigns.  
 Her SAINTED MAID†, amid the bursting tomb,  
 Hears the LAST TRUMPET thrill its murky gloom,  
 With smile triumphant over DEATH, and Time,  
 Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form sublime.

WREXHAM, for thee thus rose, by mental power,  
 Fair modern Science o'er the Arts of yore;  
 For thee exulting she entwines the wreaths,  
 As SCULPTURE speaks, and heavenly MUSIC breathes,  
 Since great ROUBILLIAC decks thy SACRED SHRINE,  
 And GENIUS wakes thy RANDAL's HARP‡ divine.

\* Westminster.

† *Sainted Maid.* Mrs. Mary Middleton's monument by Roubiliac, in the CHANcel at Wrexham.

‡ Mr. *Randal*, Organist of Wrexham; an exquisite Performer on the pedal Harp. He has been blind from his infancy.

**HOYLE LAKE\*,****POEM,**

WRITTEN ON THAT COAST,

AND ADDRESSED TO ITS PROPRIETOR,

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

THEE, STANLEY, thee, our gladden'd spirit hails,  
 Since Life's first good for us thy efforts gain,  
 Who, Habitants of Albion's inland vales,  
 Reside far distant from her circling main.

These lightsome Walls, beneath thy generous cares  
 Arose, the lawny scene's convivial boast,  
 While at thy voice clear-cheek'd Hygeia rears  
 Her aqueous altars on this tepid coast.

\* *Hoyle Lake*, the real name, better suited to verse than its recently-assumed appellation, *High Lake*.

This coast, the nearest to our central home,  
 That green Britannia's watry zone displays,  
 Now gives the drooping Frame a cheerful Dome\*,  
 Whose *Lares*† smile, and promise lengthen'd days.

When gather'd fogs the pale horizon steep,  
 Falling in heavy, deep, continual rain,  
 If, ere the Sun sink shrouded in the deep,  
 His crystal rays pervade the vapory train,

Dry are the turfy downs, diffusive spread  
 O'er the light surface of the sandy mound,  
 Where e'en the languid Form may safely tread,  
 Drink the pure gale, and eye the blue profound.

\* The large and handsome Hotel, built in the year 1792, by SIR JOHN STANLEY, and which converts these pleasant Downs into a commodious sea-bathing Place.

† *Lares*, Household-Gods.

Dear Scene!—that stretch'd between the silver arms  
 Of Deva\*, and of Mersey, meets the main,  
 And when the sun-gilt day illumines its charms,  
 Boasts of peculiar grace, nor boasts in vain.

Tho' near the Beach, dark Helbrie's lonely Isle,  
 Reposes fullen in the watry way,  
 Hears round her rocks the tides, returning, boil,  
 And o'er her dusky sandals dash their spray.

Mark, to the left, romantic Cambria's coast,  
 Her curtain'd mountains rising o'er the floods;  
 While seas on Orm's beak'd promontory burst,  
 Blue Deva swells her mirror to the woods.

\* *Deva*, the classical name of the *DEE*.

“ Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.”

MILTON's *Lycidas*.

Also Prior, in *Henry and Emma*.

“ Him, great in peace and wealth, fair Deva knows.”

MILTON, probably uses the epithet *wizard*, in allusion to the rites and mysteries performed on the banks of the Deva, or Dee. In Spencer, that River is made the haunt of Magicians. That fine poetic Scholar and Critic, the late Mr. T. WARTON, observes, in his Edition of Milton's lesser Poems, that MERLIN used to visit old Timon in a green Valley, at the foot of the Mountain, Rauran-Vaur, in Merionethshire, from which Mountain the River Deva springs. See *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. C. ix. V. 4. In Drayton, an old Poet, with whose works Milton was familiar, it is styled “ the *hallowed*, the *holy*, the *ominous* flood.”

High o'er that varied ridge of Alpine forms,  
 Vast **MOEL-Y-FAMMAU\*** towers upon the sight,  
 Lifts her maternal bosom to the storms,  
 And screens her filial mountains from their blight.

Far on the right, the dim Lancastrian plains,  
 In pallid distance, glimmer thro' the sky,  
 Tho', hid by jutting rocks, thy splendid fanes,  
 Commercial Liverpool, elude the eye.

Wide in the front the confluent Oceans roll,  
 Amid whose restless billows guardian Hoyle,  
 To screen her azure Lake when Tempests howl,  
 Spreads the firm texture of her amber Isle†.

And tho' the surging Tide's restless waves  
 Roll, day, and night, its level surface o'er,  
 Tho' the skies darken, and the whirlwind raves,  
 They froth,—but rush innoxious to the shore.

\* *Moel-y-Fammau*, the first word spoken as one syllable, as if spelt *Mole*. The name signifies in Welch, *Mother of Mountains*. It is seen in the Hoyle-Lake prospect, behind the Flintshire Hills, and considerably higher than any of them.

† *Amber Isle*, the *Sand Island*, six miles long, and four broad, which lying in the Sea, a mile from shore, forms the Lake; and breaking the force of the Tides, constitutes the safety of that Lake as an Harbour and Bathing-Place.

When fear-struck sea-men, 'mid the raging flood,  
 Hear thundering SHIPWRECK yell her dire decrees,  
 See her pale arm rend every sail, and shroud,  
 And o'er the high mast lift her whelming seas,

If to thy quiet harbour, gentle Hoyle,  
 The shatter'd Navy thro' the tempest flies,  
 Each joyous Mariner forgets his toil,  
 And carols to the vainly angry skies.

What tho' they vex the Lake's cerulean stream,  
 And curl its billows on the shelly floor,  
 Yet, in despite of Fancy's timid dream,  
 Age, and Infirmity, may plunge secure.

How gay the Scene when Spring's fair mornings break,  
 Or Summer-noons illume the grassy mound,  
 When anchor'd Navies crowd the peopled Lake,  
 Or deck the distant Ocean's skiey bound.

Like leafless forests, on its verge extreme  
 Rise the tall masts;—or spreading wide their sails,  
 Silvering, and shining in the solar beam,  
 Stand on that last blue line, and court the gales.

The peopled Lake, of song, and lively cheer,  
 And Boatswain's whistle bears the jovial sound;  
 While rosy pennants, floating on the air,  
 Tinge the soft seas of glass, that sleep around.

'Twas on these Downs\* the Belgian Hero spread  
 His ardent Legions in auspicious hours,  
 Ere to Ierne's hostile shores he led  
 To deathless glory their embattled Powers.

When, like the Conqueror of the Eastern World,  
 That stumm'd with dauntless breast the Granic flood,  
 His victor-sword immortal WILLIAM whirl'd,  
 And Boyne's pale waters dyed with Rebel blood.

Since now, to health devoted, this calm shore  
 Breathes renovation in its foamy wave,  
 For the kind DONOR shall each heart implore,  
 The good his energies to others gave.

\* KING WILLIAM encamped his army on the Hoyle Lake Downs, before he took shipping from thence, on his victorious expedition to Ireland.

That long on him clear-cheek'd Hygeia's smile,  
And long on all he loves, serene may shine,  
Who from thy sparkling coast, benignant HOYLE,  
Diffus'd the blessings of her crystal shrine.

**HERVA\***,

AT THE TOMB OF

ARGANTYR.

A  
RUNIC DIALOGUE.**HERVA.**

ARGANTYR, wake!—to thee I call,  
 Hear from thy dark sepulchral hall !  
 'Mid the Forest's inmost gloom,  
 Thy Daughter, circling thrice thy tomb,

*Hervor.* “ Awake, Argantyr!—Hervor, the Daughter of thee and Sauferlama,  
 “ doth awaken thee! Give me out of the tomb the hardened fword which the  
 “ Dwarfs made for Sauferlama.”

\* Doctor Hicks' literal prose Translation in his *Thesaurus Septentrionalis*, of this ancient Norse Poem, is here given to gratify the reader's curiosity; also to show that it is used only as an outline, and that the following Poem is a bold Paraphrase, not a Translation. The expressions in Dr. Hicks' prose, have a vulgar familiarity, injurious to the sublimity of the original conception. A close translation, in English verse, will be found in a valuable collection of Runic Odes, by the ingenious and learned Mr. Mathias. After his example, some slight changes have been made in the names, for their better accommodation to the verse.

With mystic rites of thrilling power  
Disturbs thee at this midnight hour !  
I, thy Sauferlama's child,  
Of my filial right beguil'd,  
Now adjure thee to resign  
The CHARMED SWORD, by birth-right mine !  
When the Dwarf, on Eyyor's plain,  
Dim glided by thy marriage-train,  
In jewel'd belt of gorgeous pride,  
To thy pale and trembling Bride,  
Gave he not, in whisper deep,  
That dread companion of thy sleep ?—  
Fall'n before its edge thy foes,  
Idly does it now repose  
In the dark tomb with thee ?—awake !  
Spells thy fullen flumber break !  
Now their stern command fulfill !—  
Warrior, art thou silent still ?—  
Or are my grofs fenses found  
Deaf to the low sepulchral found ?—

HERVARDOR,—HIARVARDOR,—hear !  
 HRANI, mid thy slumber drear !  
 Spirits of a dauntless Race,  
 In armor clad, your tombs I trace.  
 Now, with sharp and blood-stain'd spear,  
 Accent shrill, and spell severe,  
 I wake you all from slumber mute,  
 Beneath the dark Oak's twisted root !—  
 Are Andgrym's hated Sons no more  
 That sleeps the SWORD, that drank their gore ?—  
 Living,—why, to MAGIC RHYME,  
 Speaks no voice of former time,  
 Low as o'er your tombs I bend  
 To hear th' expected sounds ascend,  
 Murmuring from your darksome hall,  
 At a Virgin's solemn call ?—

“ Hervardur, Hiarvardur, Hrani,—with helmet and coat of mail, and a sharp sword,  
 “ with shield and accoutrements, and a bloody spear, I awaken you all under  
 “ the roots of Trees.

“ Are the Sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now become dust and  
 “ ashes ?—Can none of Eyyor's Sons speak to me out of the habitations of  
 “ the dead ?”—

HERVARDOR,—HIARVARDOR,—hear !  
 HRANI,—mark my spell severe !  
 Henceforth may the semblance\* cold,  
 That did each Warrior's spirit hold,  
 Parch, as Corse unblest, that lies  
 Withering in the sultry skies !—  
 Ghastly may your forms decay,  
 Hence the noisome reptile's prey,  
 If ye force not, thus adjur'd,  
 My Sire to yield the CHARMED SWORD !

“ Hervardur, Hiarvardur, Hrani!—so may you all be within your ribs, as a thing  
 “ that is hanged up to putrify among insects, unless you cause Argantyr to  
 “ deliver up to me the *sword* which the Dwarfs made, and the glorious belt!”

\* According to the Gothic Mythology, the spirits of Heros slept in their bodies, which did not decay. Putrefaction, therefore, was the heaviest curse that could be denounced.

“ Never shall Enquirer come  
 “ To break my iron-sleep again,  
 “ Till Lok has burst his ten-fold chain.”

GRAY's Descent of Odin, from the  
 Norse Poetry.

## ARGANTYR.

Arm'd amid this starless gloom,  
 Thou, whose steps adventurous roam;  
 Thou, that wav'st a magic spear  
 Thrice before our mansions drear,  
 Devoted Virgin,—know in time  
 The mischiefs of the Runic RHYME,  
 Forcing accents, mutter'd deep,  
 From the cold reluctant lip !  
 Me no tender Father laid  
 Entomb'd beneath an hallow'd shade ;  
 It was no friendly voice that gave  
 The Oak, that screen'd a Warrior's grave,  
 Gave it, in malignant tone,  
 To the blasting thunderstone.—  
 Timeles now these bones decay,  
 Pervious to the baleful ray

“ Argantyr. Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead, why dost thou  
 “ call so?—wilt thou run on to thine own mischief?—Thou art mad, and out  
 “ of thy sences, who art desperately resolved to awaken dead men!”—

“ I was not buried either by Father or other Friends—Two which lived after me,  
 “ got Turfing, one of whom is now possessor thereof.”

Of the fwart star.—'Mid Battle's yell  
 The charm'd, the fatal Weapon fell  
 From my unwary grasp.—A Knight  
 Seiz'd the SWORD of magic might.  
 Virgin, of thy spells demand  
 His name,—and from his victor hand,  
 — Try if thy intrepid zeal  
 May win the all-subduing Steel.

**HERVA.**

Warrior,—thus, with falsehood wild,  
 Seek'st thou to deceive thy child?—  
 Sure as Odin doom'd thy fall,  
 And hides thee in this silent hall,  
 Here sleeps the SWORD.—Pale Chief, resign  
 That, which is by birthright mine!  
 Fear'st thou, Spirit of my Sire,  
 At thy only Child's desire,  
 Glorious heritage to yield,  
 Conquest in the deathful field?

“ *Hervor.* Thou dost not tell the truth—so let Odin hide thee in the tomb, as  
 “ thou hast got *Turfin* by thee. Art thou unwilling, *Argantyr*, to give an  
 “ inheritance to thy only child?”—

## ARGANTYR.

Daring HERVA, listen yet,  
 Spare thy heart its long regret!  
 Why trembling shrunk thy Mother's frame  
 When the FATAL PRESENT came?  
 Virgin, mark the boding word,  
 Sullen whisper'd o'er the SWORD!  
 It prophesied Argantyr's Foes  
 Shou'd rue its prowes;—yet that woes  
 Greater far his RACE shou'd feel,  
 Victims of the CRUEL STEEL,  
 When, in blood of millions dyed,  
 It arms an ireful Fratricide.  
 MAID, no erring accents warn;—  
 Of Sons to thee, hereafter born,  
 One thy Chiefs shall HYDRECK name,  
 Dark spirited!—but dear to fame  
 Shall blooming HIARALMO live.—  
 Maid, his doom thy mandates give!

“ Argantyr. I will tell thee, Hervor, what is to come to pass.—This *Turfling*  
 “ will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring.—Thou shalt  
 “ have a Son, and many think that he will be called *Hydrec* by the People.”

Renounce, renounce the dire demand,  
 Or to thy Sons, in HYDRECK's hand,  
 Fatal proves, some future day,  
 The CHARMED SWORD.—Disturb it not!—away!

## HERVA.

ARGANTYR,—hear thy Daughter's voice,  
 Spells decree an only choice !  
 Or, in perturbed tomb unblest,  
 The silence of sepulchral rest  
 Shall no more thy sunk eye steep,  
 Close no more thy pallid lip,  
 Or, ere this night's shadows melt,  
 Mine the SWORD, and gorgeous belt.

## ARGANTYR.

Young Maid,—who as of warrior might,  
 Roamest thus to tombs by night,  
 In coat of mail, with voice austere,  
 Waving the Corse-awakening SPEAR  
 O'er thy dead Ancestors;—offence,  
 And danger threaten!—hie thee hence !

“ *Hervor.* I do, by Enchantments, make that the Dead shall never know peace, or  
 “ rest, unless thou deliver up to me *Turfing*.”

“ *Argantyr.* Young Maid, I say thou art of manlike courage, who dost roam  
 “ about by night to tombs, with spear engraven by magical spells, with hel-  
 “ met and coat of mail, before the door of our Hall.”

## HERVA.

Obey, obey, or sleep no more !  
 Now my sacred right restore !  
 The SWORD, that joys when Foes assail,  
 Sword, that scorns the ribbed mail,  
 Scorns the car, in swift career,  
 Scorns the helmet, scorns the spear ;  
 Scorns the nerv'd experienc'd arm ;  
 ARGANTYR, yield it to my charm !  
 'Tis not well the Victor's pride,  
 With thee in silent tombs to hide ;  
 Thy Child, thy only Child, demands,—  
 Reach it with thy wither'd hands !

## ARGANTYR.

The death of HIARALMO lies  
 Beneath this mouldering arm !—and rise  
 Round its edge, the lurid fires,  
 Hostile to unaw'd desires.  
 Hie thee hence, nor madly dare  
 The death-denouncing grasp ;—beware !

“ *Hervor.* I took thee for a brave man before I found out your halls. Give me  
 “ out of the tomb the workmanship of the *Dwarfs*, which hates all coats of  
 “ mail.—It is not good for thee to hide it.”

“ *Argantyr.* The death of *Hialmor* lies beneath my shoulders.—It is all wrapt  
 “ up in fire. I know no Maid of any Country that dares take this *Sword* in  
 “ hand.”

**HERVA.**

Not if thousand fires invade  
 Streaming from its angry blade.  
 Innoxious are the fires that play  
 Round the Corse, with meteor ray,  
 And in these waste hours of night  
 Silent death-halls dimly light;  
 Yet, gliding with consuming force,  
 Undaunted wou'd I meet their course.

**ARGANTYR.**

Thou, whose awles voice proclaims  
 Scorn of the sepulchral flames,  
 Lest their force around thee fwell,  
 Punishing thy daring spell,  
 And thy mortal form confume,  
 HERVA, see!—thy Father's tomb

“ *Hervor.* I shall take and keep it in my hand, if I may obtain it.—I do not  
 “ think the fires will burn that play about the sight of deceased men.”

“ *Argantyr.* O, conceited *Hervor*, thou art mad! Rather than thou shouldest  
 “ in an instant fall into the fire, I will give thee the *Sword*, O, young Maid,  
 “ and not hide it from thee.”

Opens!—mark, to thee restor'd,  
 Rising slow, the baneful SWORD!—  
 See, it meets thy rash desire  
 \*Bickering with funereal fire!

## HERVA.

Warrior, now dost thou reclaim  
 The lustre of thy former fame;  
 Lo, the SWORD, a seeming brand,  
 Blazes in thy Daughter's hand!  
 Nor perishes that hand beneath  
 Vaporous flames, that round it wreath,  
 Gleam along the midnight air,  
 Illume the forest wide,—and glare  
 On the scath'd Oak!—Sepulchral wood,  
 Thee I quit for fields of blood!  
 Nor would I, on its fateful range,  
 This SWORD, with all its meteors, change  
 For the Norwegian sceptre.—Lo,  
 Death, and conquest, wait me now!—

“ *Hervor.* Thou dost well, Offspring of Heroes, that thou dost give me the  
 “ *Sword* out of the Tomb.—I am now better pleased, O Prince, to have it,  
 “ than if I had got all Norway.”

\* “ And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 “ Of smoke, and *bickering flame*, and sparkles dire.”

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. vi. line 765.

## ARGANTYR.

HIALALMO's future bane,  
 Grasp'd with exultation vain,  
 Fatal, fatal shall be found  
 To thee, and thine, in cureless wound !  
 By that wound 'tis now decreed  
 HYDREK's self at length shall bleed !  
 Herva, less thy long regret  
 Had thy Chiefs in combat met  
 Andgrym's sons, with warlike zeal,  
 Met them in *uncharmed* steel.

## HERVA.

Sleep, Argantyr,—Chief of might,  
 Thro' the long, the dreary night ;  
 Nor let strife, and bitter scorn,  
 'Mid Herva's offspring, yet unborn,

“ *Argantyr.* False Woman!—thou dost not understand that thou speakest  
 foolishly of that in which thou dost rejoice.—*Turfin* shall, if thou wilt be-  
 lieve me, destroy all thy offspring.”

“ *Hervor.* I must go to my Seamen,—here I have no mind to stay any longer.—  
 “ Little do I care, O royal Friend, what my Sons hereafter quarrel about.”

Disturb thee in the tomb !—and mark,  
The SPEAR, that broke thy slumber dark,  
Round the blasted Oak I wave,  
That ill protects a Warrior's grave !  
Soon shall its scath'd trunk be seen  
Cloth'd in shielding bark, and green  
As before the vengeful time,  
When, by force of baleful RHYME,  
It shrank amid the forest's groan,  
Smote by the red thunderstone.  
Thro' the renovated boughs,  
Guardians of thy deep repose,  
Shall the hail no longer pour,  
The livid Dog-star look no more !  
Spirits of the elder Dead,  
Spell-awak'd from slumber dread,  
Not to your spears, in martial pride,  
Resting by each Hero's side,  
Not to your gore-spotted mail,  
Steely shroud of Warrior pale,  
Shall, thro' thousand Winters, drain  
Driving snow, or drenching rain ;  
Nor, while countless Summers beam  
On arid plain, or shrinking stream,

Thro' the widening chink be known  
 Reptile vile of sultry Noon,  
 To wind the slimy track abhor'd!—  
 Fate is mine, since mine the SWORD!

## ARGANTYR.

Herva, thine the source of woes,  
 Direful long to all thy foes,  
 Ere against thy peace it turn,  
 And thou thy bleeding Race shalt mourn.  
 When extinct the tomb's blue fires,  
 Whose light now gleams, and now retires,  
 Quivering o'er its edge, forbear  
 To touch the VENOM'D BLADE ;—beware !  
 Venom, for the blood prepar'd  
 Of twelve brave Chiefs, their dread reward.

“ *Argantyr.* Take and keep Hialmor's bane, which thou shalt long have and  
 “ enjoy.—Touch not the edges, there is poison on both of them!—It is a  
 “ most cruel Devourer of Men!”

“ Farewell Daughter.—I do quickly give thee the twelve men's deaths, if thou  
 “ canst believe with might and courage,—and all the goods that Andgrym's  
 “ Sons have left behind them.”

Herva, now thy Father's tomb  
 Slowly closes!—Ne'er presume  
 Again to breathe, in Odin's hall,  
 Shrill, the Corse-disturbing call!

## HERVA.

I go,—for these blue fires infest  
 The troubled tomb's presumptuous Guest;  
 As of step profane aware,  
 Round me, more and more, they glare.—  
 Hervardor, Hiarvardor,—keep  
 Lasting flumber!—Hrani sleep!  
 And sleep ARGANTYR!—Chiefs of might,  
 Quiet be your mornless night!

“ *Hervor.* Dwell, all of you safe in the Tombs! I must be gone and hasten  
 “ hence, for I seem to be in a place where fire burns about me.”

## EYAM\*.

FOR one short week I leave, with anxious heart,  
 Source of my filial cares, the FULL OF DAYS;  
 Lur'd by the promise of harmonic Art  
 To breathe her Handel's soul-exalting lays.  
 Pensive I trace the Derwent's amber wave†,  
 Foaming thro' sylvan banks, or view it lave  
 The soft romantic vallies, high o'er-peer'd  
 By hills, and rocks, in savage grandeur rear'd.

Not two short miles from thee,—can I refrain  
 Thy haunts, my native EYAM, long unseen?  
 Thou, and thy lov'd Inhabitants again  
 Shall meet my transient gaze.—Thy rocky screen,

\* This Poem was written August 1788, on a journey through Derbyshire, to a music-meeting at Sheffield. The Author's Father was Rector of EYAM, an extensive Village, that runs along a mountainous terrace, in one of the highest parts of the Peak. She was born there, and there passed the first seven years of her life, visiting the Place often with her Father in future periods. The middle part of this Village is built on the edge of a deep Dell, which has very picturesque, and beautiful features.

† *Amber wave.* From the peculiar nature of the clay on the mountains, from which it descends, the River Derwent has a yellow tint, that well becomes the dark foliage on its banks, and the perpetual foam produced by a narrow, and rocky channel.

Thy airy cliffs I mount; and seek thy shade,  
 Thy roofs, that brow the steep, romantic glade;  
 But, while on me the eyes of Friendship glow,  
 Swell my pain'd sighs, my tears spontaneous flow.

In Scenes paternal, not beheld thro' years,  
 Nor view'd, till *now*, but by a Father's side,  
 Well might the tender tributary tears,  
 From keen regrets of duteous fondness, glide.  
 Its Pastor, to this Human-Flock no more  
 Shall the long flight of future days restore;  
 Distant he droops—and that once-gladdening eye  
 Now languid gleams, e'en when his Friends are nigh.

Thro' this known walk, where weedy gravel lies,  
 Rough, and unsightly;—by the long coarse grass  
 Of the once smooth, and vivid Green, with sighs,  
 To the deserted Rectory I pass;—  
 Stray thro' the darken'd chambers naked bound,  
 Where Childhood's earliest, liveliest bliss I found.  
 How chang'd, since erst, the lightsome walls beneath,  
 The social joys did their warm comforts breathe !

Ere yet I go, who may return no more,  
 That sacred Pile, 'mid yonder shadowy trees,  
 Let me revisit!—ancient, massy door,  
 Thou gratest hoarfe!—my vital spirits freeze  
 Passing the vacant Pulpit to the space  
 Where humble rails the decent Altar grace,  
 And where my infant sister's ashes sleep,  
 Whose loss I left the childish sport to weep.

\*Now the low beams, with paper garlands hung,  
 In memory of some village Youth, or Maid,  
 Draw the soft tear, from thrill'd remembrance sprung,  
 How oft my childhood mark'd that tribute paid.  
 The gloves suspended by the garland's side,  
 White as its snowy flowers, with ribbands tied;  
 Dear Village! long these wreaths funereal spread,  
 Simple memorials of thy early Dead !

\* The ancient custom of hanging a garland of white roses, made of writing-paper, and a pair of white gloves, over the pew of the unmarried Villagers, who die in the flower of their age, is observed to this day, in the Village of EVAM, and in most other Villages, and little Towns in the Peak.

But, O! thou blank, and silent Pulpit!—thou  
That with a Father's precepts, just, and bland,  
Did'st win my ear, as Reason's strengthening glow  
Show'd their full value—now thou seem'st to stand  
Before my sad, suffus'd, and trembling gaze,  
The dreariest relic of departed days;  
Of eloquence paternal, nervous, clear,  
**DIM APPARITION THOU,—and bitter is my tear.**

## TIME PAST.

WRITTEN DEC. 1772.

RETURN, blest years!—when not the jocund Spring,  
 Luxuriant Summer, nor the amber hours  
 Calm Autumn gives, my heart invok'd to bring  
 Joys, whose rich balm o'er all the bosom pours;  
 When ne'er I wish'd might grace the closing day  
 One tint purpureal, or one golden ray;  
 When the loud Storms, that desolate the bowers,  
 Found dearer welcome than Favonian gales, [Vales !  
 And Winter's bare, bleak fields, than Summer's flowery  
 Yet, not to deck pale hours with vain parade  
 Beneath the blaze of wide-illumin'd Dome;  
 Not for the bounding Dance;—not to pervade,  
 And charm the sense with Music;—nor, as roam  
 The mimic Passions o'er theatric scene,  
 To laugh, or weep;—O ! not for these, I ween,  
 But for delights that made the *heart* their home,  
 Was the grey night-frost on the sounding plain  
 More than the Sun invok'd, that gilds the grassy lane.

Yes, for the joys that trivial joys excell,  
 My lov'd HONORA\*, did we hail the gloom  
 Of dim November's eve;—and as it fell,  
 And the bright fires shone cheerful round the room,  
 Dropt the warm curtains with no tardy hand ;  
 And felt our spirits, and our hearts expand,  
 Listening their steps, who still, where'er they come,  
 Make the keen stars, that glaze the settled snows,  
 More than the Sun invok'd, when first he tints the rose.

Affection,—Friendship,—Sympathy,—your throne  
 Is Winter's glowing hearth;—and ye were ours,  
 Thy smile, HONORA, made them all our own.—  
 Where are they *now*?—alas! their choicest powers  
 Faded at thy retreat;—for thou art gone,  
 And many a dark, long Eve I sigh alone,  
 In thrill'd remembrance of the vanish'd hours,  
 When storms were dearer than the balmy gales,  
 And Winter's bare bleak fields than green luxuriant vales.

\* MISS HONORA SNEYD, to whom the gallant, and unfortunate MAJOR ANDRE, was so unalienably attached. See the Author's MONODY on that Gentleman.

The following are selected from a centenary of SONNETS, written as occasion presented the Idea, through a Course of more than twenty Years. The Author intends to publish them collectively at some future period.

**SONNET.**

**INGRATITUDE**,—how deadly is thy smart,  
 Proceeding from the Form we fondly love !  
 How light, compar'd, all other sorrows prove !  
 Thou shed'st a night of woe, from whence depart  
 The gentle beams of patience, that the heart  
 'Mid lesser ills illume.—Thy Victims rove  
 Unquiet as the Ghost that haunts the grove  
 Where MURDER spilt the life-blood.—O ! thy dart  
 Kills more than life, e'en all that makes it dear ;  
 Till we the “ sensible of pain ” wou'd change  
 For Phrenzy, that defies the bitter tear,  
 Or wish, in kindred callousness, to range  
 Where moon-ey'd IDIOCY, with fallen lip,  
 Drags the loose knee, and intermitting step.

## SONNET,

WRITTEN ON RISING GROUND,

NEAR LICHFIELD.

The Evening shines in May's luxuriant pride,  
 And all the sunny hills at distance glow,  
 And all the brooks that thro' the Valley flow,  
 Seem liquid gold.—O! had my fate denied  
 Leisure, and power to taste the sweets, that glide  
 Thro' kindling Souls, as the soft Seasons go  
 On their still varying progress, for the woe  
 My heart has felt, what balm had been supplied?—  
 But where great NATURE smiles, as *here* she smiles,  
 'Mid verdant vales, and gently-swelling hills,  
 And glassy lakes, and mazy, murmuring rills,  
 And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell beguiles  
 Th' impatient sighs of grief, and reconciles  
 Poetic minds to Life, with all her ills.

## SONNET,

TO A

YOUNG LADY IN AFFLCTION,

WHO THOUGHT SHE SHOULD NEVER MORE BE HAPPY;

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Yes, thou shalt smile again!—Time always heals,  
 In Youth, the wounds of sorrow.—O! survey  
 Yon now subsided Deep, thro' night a prey  
 To warring winds, and to their furious peals  
 Surging tumultuous.—Yet, as in dismay,  
 The settling billows tremble—Morning steals  
 Grey on the rocks; and soon, to pour the day  
 From the streak'd east, the radiant Orb unveils,  
 In all his pride of light.—Thus shall the glow  
 Of beauty, health, and hope, by soft degrees  
 Spread o'er thy breast;—disperse these storms of woe:  
 Wake with soft Pleasure's sense, the wish to please,  
 Till from those eyes the wonted lustres flow,  
 Bright as the Sun, on calm, and crystal Seas.

## SONNET.

Now, young-ey'd Spring, on gentle breezes borne,  
 'Mid the deep woodlands, hills, and vales, and bowers,  
 Unfolds her leaves, her blossoms, and her flowers,  
 Pouring their soft luxuriance on the morn.  
 O ! how unlike the wither'd, wan, and worn,  
 And limping Winter, that o'er russet moors,  
 And plashy fields, and ice-incrusted shores  
 Strays,—and commands his rising winds to mourn !  
 Protracted Life, thou art ordain'd to wear  
 A form like his ;—and, shou'd thy gifts be mine,  
 I tremble lest a kindred influence drear  
 Steal on my mind ;—but pious Hope benign,  
 The Soul's new day-spring, shall avert the fear,  
 And gild Existence in her dim decline.

## SONNET.

## INVITATION TO A FRIEND.

Since dark December shrouds the transient day,  
 And stormy Winds are howling in their ire,  
 Why com'st not thou, who always can'st inspire  
 The soul of cheerfulness, and best array  
 A fullen hour in smiles?—O ! haste to pay  
 The cordial visit fullen hours require !  
 Around the circling Walls a glowing fire  
 Shines ;—but it vainly shines in this delay  
 To blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.  
 Come then, at Science, and at Friendship's call,  
 Their vow'd Disciple ;—come, for they invite ;  
 The social Powers without thee languish all.  
 Come,—that I may not *hear* the winds of night,  
 Nor *count* the heavy eve-drops as they fall !

## SONNET.

If he whose bosom with no transport swells  
 In vernal airs, and hours, commits the crime  
 Of fulleness to Nature ; 'gainst the time,  
 And its great RULER, he alike rebels  
 Who seriousnes, and pious dread repels,  
 And aweles<sup>s</sup> gazes on the faded Clime,  
 Dim in the gloom, and pale in the hoar rhyme,  
 That o'er the bleak, and dreary Prospect steals.  
 Spring claims our tender, grateful, gay delight ;  
 Winter our sympathy, and sacred fear ;  
 And sure the Hearts that pay not Pity's rite  
 O'er wide Calamity,—that careless hear  
 Creation's wail,—neglect, amid her blight,  
 The solemn lesson of the RUIN'D YEAR.



FINIS.

## SONNET.

If he whose bosom with no transport swells  
 In vernal airs, and hours, commits the crime  
 Of fullness to Nature ; 'gainst the time,  
 And its great RULER, he alike rebels  
 Who seriousness, and pious dread repels,  
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F I N I S.